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With Death's Cousin

Pastor Bejinez

Dominican University of California

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WITH DEATH'S COUSIN

Pastor Bejinez

I see her blood relation to death, in the wrinkles of her forehead,
Yet, I want her.

Her heavy breath, lingers out, over her damp lips

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A soft invitation, through my mind.
She slowly pulls me, closer to her smooth, magazine face
With her hypnotic, inhaled breath, full of mystery.

My lips trace, the steam of her melting chocolate skin.

A splintered hair from touching

I push the chair she sits on

And press myself away, from the coolness that

Whispers from the warmth of her lips

Knowing:

One touch, and I'm dead.

Yet, I can't resist.

On weakened legs, I blindly stumble, then collapse,

Onto my knees

My sight awakens, to the shine, of freshly shaved legs:

Worth more than gold.

I can't help, but smell up her leg,

And wonder:

Will it be worth the taste?

With suicide, I've met my mate.